Author of " Called Back" and " Dark Days,

CHAPTER VII -- CONTINUED.

Mr. Mordle, who was unable to see that his

Mr. Mordie, who was unable to see that his ordination vows deburred him from using such a convenient vehicle for getting from one and of the parasit to another, did a boldthing. Knowing that the bishop was staying at a country house some twenty-five miles away, hethrew himself early one morning into the saddle or the seat, and used his nether limbs to such purpose that just before lunch time his card was sent in to his lordship, and in ten minutes the bishop was gravely inspecting what Mrs. Pierrepont, when speaking to her friends, called a diabolical machine.

For some minutes the bishop stood on the deorsteps, weighing the innocence or guilt of the inanimate creature at his feet, Sylvanus the while pleading its cause with his usual brisk veherence and jerky dexterity. He expatiated on the size of his parish, and on the wonderful assistance he derived from this modern invention for getting quickly over the ground. He showed his lordship the convenient little bag attached to the back, in which he cerried his books of devotion, or, when occasion needed, some small creature comfort for the aged sick. He explained the action of the machine, and so raised the episcopal curiosity that an unheard of thing occurred. His lordship, galters and all, gravely installed himself in the seat, and, to the unutterable delight of several ladies and gentlemen who were gazing through the drawing-room windows, in a quiet, dignified, leisurely way, as behooves a hishop, actually propolled his sacred self down the gravel path and up again, with no further dunage than cutting up the edges of his host's lawn and knocking a couple of stones out of a rockery. The tricycle triumphed! Although the bishop knocking a couple of stones out of a rockery.

The tricycle triumphed! Although the bishop did not embody a culogistic notice of it is his next charge to his clergy, he has been known on several occasions to recommend its

use in outlying districts.

Like many other useful innovations, Bylvanus and his tricycle lived down prejudice, and were able to accompany each other to Hazlewood House this particular afternoon in

July.

The "Tabbles" had driven into Blacktown; but Miss Clauson was in the back garden. Sylvanus pulled his tricycle aside, so that it should be cut of the way of other callers, then

should be cut of the way of other callers, then went to meet what fate had in store for them. Poor fellow, he breathed a prayer as he crossed the lawn. He had really very little hope; but he felt he must make his confession before he struck his flag altogether.

It was a warm July afternoon. Beatries, in a dainty white dress, looked deliciously rool as she sat reading in the shade of a syenmore tree. She smiled pleasantly when she saw her visitor approaching. Sylvanus would have given all he possessed to have seen her eyes drop shyly—to have noticed a blush rise to her cool, white check. Mrs. Miller, the nurse, sat with the little boy on her lap some short distance off. short distance off.

short distance off.

After the first greeting, Sylvanus fetched
one of those comfortable, carpet-seated chairs,
several of which were scattered about, and
sat beside Beatrice. They talked for a while

sat beside Beatrice. They talked for a while on ordinary subjects; then, like a man, the curate resolved to come to the point. "I wish to say a few words to you alone, Miss Clauson. Will you walk into the house or the other garden with me?" She looked surprised, perhaps troubled. "We can speak here," she said, telling the nurse to take the child indoors. She kissed the little man tenderly as he was led away. "You are very fond of the child," said Syl-vanus.

vanus. "Very, very fond of him." Then she wery, very lond of nim." Leen see turned her clear gray eyes upon him as one who waited for a promised communication. He knew all was lost—or rather nothing had been his to lose. But he went on to the bit-

ter end.
"Miss Clauson—Beatrice," he said. have come to-day to ask you if you could low me—if you will be my wife?



could love me?" She did not answer. He fancied he heard she did not answer. He fancied he heard ther sight; yet that sigh gave him no hope. "That I love you, I need not say. You must have seen that. In my own clumsy fashion I must have shown it."

fashion I must have shown it."

"I feared it was so," said Beatrice, dreamily.

"Yes, it was, always will be so. Even as I speak, I speak with little hope; but, at least, you will hear and believe I love you."

His voice was so deep and carnest she scarcely recognized it. He looked at her, the looked at her, hes were cast down and tears were

forcing their way through them.
"Will you answer me?" he said, tenderly. "I do not insult you by speaking of weath or rank in the world. If you loved a man you would care little for that. You would marry the man you loved in spite of all the

She shivered. Her mouth worked piteously. For a second a wild, joyful thought ran through the wooer's mind—for a second only.

"Do I judge you rightly!" he asked.

"I think so—but, oh, Mr. Mordle, I am so

sorry for this." accent left no doubt as to the genuine ness of her regret. Had she wronged him to the greatest extent, it could not have been

So like a man he took his answer. He rose His face was pale, but then a man's face is, so far as color goes, beyond his control. But his manner and words were his own bond-

servants.
"We can still be friends?" he jerked out in a very good imitation of his usual brisk "If you wish it," said Beatrice, quietly,

"If you wish it," said Beatree, quarty, almost humbly.
"Of course I wish it. By-the-by, will you wish me a pleasant holiday? I am going away next week. France, Switzerland, the Rhine—all the rest of it."

Beatrice laid her hand on his arm. "Don't, please, speak like that; you make me miserable."

'Miserable?'

"Yes. Do you think a woman does not all unhappy when she finds she cannot ac feel unhappy when she finds she cannot accept the love of a good man like yourself? Do you think she believes he goes from her side and forgets all that has happened? I don't think I am to blame, Mr. Mordle, but anyway

I feel miserable."

He took her hand. "No, you are not to blame. I was a fool. Never mind, I am a man also. I really was going away next week, unless—well, never mind what. When I come back, if I am not cured of my folly, can at least produce that even you will no so any symptoms of disease. Good-bye." He turned and left her. Even in his deso-lation he had the grain of comfort that he had not borne himself amiss. To Miss Clau-

son, at least, he must always stand far above his unfortunate name. Still he was terribly upset. So much so that he walked to the end of the lane without remembering his tricycle, and was compelled to retrace his steps in order to recover the artificial means of propulsion. He felt this to be a peculiarly unfortunate incident, for, as he walked up to the house, he caught a glimpse of Restrice standing in a pengive, thoughtful

bravely and sped away. bravely and sped away.

By the unwritten canons of art, it seems to me that a rejected suitor is expected, if a horseman, to dash his spurs into his charger's flanks and gallop away, saywhere, anywhere; if a pedestrian, he should rush off in a frensy, stride off with dignity, or lounge away with studied carelessness. The Rev. Sylvanus' manner of departure was certainly an importinent invasion of comedy into the grim realms of tragedy. But in real life the two are always inextricably mingled. Only in romances do we find them kept quite apart. This is not a romance.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Miller, the respectable, middle-aged widow who had, in spite of her lack of properly authenticated service-testimonials, been installed in the place vacated by the nurse girl whose amorous tendencies sent such a thrill through Haxlewood House, continued to give the greatest satisfaction. She was a living proof that a broom which swept clean when new, may continue to do so after the newness has departed. Moreover, Mrs. Miller was a broom which raised very little dust as it swent.

She was a pale-faced woman with strongly marked features. The ness was aquiling, the cleaks this places and the property had the sent and the property and the prope

She was a pale-faced woman with strongly marked features. The ness was aquiline, the checks thin, almost hellow; the mouth and chin told of a certain force of character, the eyes were dark, and at times shone with peculiar brightness. In spite of the calm, methodical way in which she went about the place in discharge of her duties, one skilled in the study of the face would have said that this woman possessed a highly nervous temperament—that her quiet was but the result of years of self-control, that had she lacked that strong mouth and chin, Mrs. Miller's true nature would have shown itself at every hour of the day.

She was thin, and in the dark gowns which she invariably were, looked almost ascetic.

She was tain, and in the dark gowns which she invariably wore, looked almost ascetic. To men she presented few attractions. The under gardener who had been reprimanded, but not dismissed, found the change of nurses a sorry one for him. Had he wished to do so, I doubt if the most forward man servant would have dared to put his arm round Mrs. Miller's

have dared to put his arm round Mrs. Miller's sombre waist.

But her masters liked her, Miss Clauson liked her, the boy liked her, and, above all, Whittaker liked her. This last was an important matter, as in the servant's hall Whittaker, by virtue of long service and irreproachable character, reigned supreme.

The new nurse was in many ways a servant after his own heart. She treated him with the respect which was his due, and neither by word nor action ridiculed his masters—the crime common to nearly all the retainers of Hazlewood House. The only fault which Whittaker could find with Mrs. Miller was on account of her religious senti-Miller was on account of her religious senti ments. For Whittaker was an intelligent man,

who in his hours of lessure improved his mind. For theology he read good old-fash-ioned, one-sided works which proved beyond doubt that through the porch of the parish church lay the only read to Heaven. Every one knows that it is delightful to give a new-comer the benefit of one's own religious new-comer the benefit of one's own religious tenets—to point out where one is right and the other wrong. It was but natural that in a kindly, paternal way Whittaker should take an early opportunity of ascertaining Mrs.

an early opportunity of ascertaining Mrs.
Miller's orthodoxy.

He did this in the butler's pantry, whither
she had one day come on some errand. It
was on a Monday, and Whittaker began by
commenting on Mr. Mordle's sormon of the
preceding night. He little guessed what a
storm his words would raise—how by sheer
accident he had stumbled on a way of turning this calm-looking woman into a wild enthusiast. But he had in fact struck the fire
from the flint.

She forgot all about her errand, and entered
into religious discussion in a way that took
the male disputant's breath from him. She
talked about selection and predestination—

talked about selection and predestination— the utter inefficacy of works or faith to save— she pounded him with terrible texts which cut off the hope of mercy from all save the elect, until poor old Whittaker fairly gasped. His one-sided studies furnished no v with which to meet her vehement attack. All he could do was to shake his head pityingly and sigh for the state of her mind. In this he was little different from many reputed teachers of men.



She pounded him with terrible texts until Whittaker fairly gasped.

Suddenly, as if remembering where she was, Mrs. Miller grew caim, but ovidently by a great effort of self-control. She oven apologized for her excitement, which she hoped Mr. Whittaker would forget. Then

hoped Mr. whittaker would lorge. Also she left him.

In his responsible position his first thought was that his masters ought to be informed of the heterodox views held by the nurse. But this seemed scarcely fair to the woman, who, in spite of all, went to church as regularly as the other servants. So he did not mention the matter to the Talberts, but, overtaking Mr. Mordie as the latter was one day walk-ing into the town, he, with all respect, told him what strange ideas Mrs. Miller held on religious subjects. This may seem presump-tion on Whittaker's part, but the truth is, that the dream of his life was, that had not fate made him a butler he might have been fate made him a butler he might have been a clergyman. And a very imposing one he would doubtless have made.

"Ah!" said Mordle. "Calvinism—dreary religion—most dismal and dreary of all."

The curate was rather short with Whit-

religion—most dismal and dreary of all."

The curate was rather short with Whittaker. He thought the old servant rather a nuisance and somewhat of a prig.

"Will you see her and talk to her, sirf" asked Whittaker, respectfully.

"No—Calvinists are incurable. But to please you, Whittaker, I'll preach at her some Sunday."

It may be presumed that Mra Miller did not inflict her Calvinism upon Beatrice, as the latter seemed to find the new nurse perfectly suited to her duties. It was clear that Mrs. Miller had become strangely attached to her young mistress. Nothing seemed to give her such pleasure as performing any small personal service which Miss Clauson required. When Beatrice passed her, the woman's dark eyes followed her with an expression of almost dog-like affection. On her part Beatrice treated the nurse with a consideration not always shown by the most amiable toward their servants. It was vulgarly said among the household that Mrs. Miller, quiet as she was, had managed to get the length of Miss Clauson's foot.

Whether Mrs. Miller was unduly favored or not, things at Hazlewood House ran on smoothly. Perhaps it was the perfect order in which the gear worked that induced the nurse to take a day's holiday.

It was the day after Mr. Mordle had made and lost his venture. Horace and Herbert, pottering about the gardens, saw the brighthaired boy going out in charge of the parlor maid. This was an infraction of rules which could not be overlooked. They demanded the cause, and were told that Mrs. Miller had gone for a day's holiday.

Of course the brothers said no more; but, upon seeing Beatrice, they mentioned the mat-

for a day's holiday.

Of course the brothers said no more; but, upon seeing Beatrice, they mentioned the matter to her. "Yes," she said, "I told her she might go for the day."

The Talberts were too polite to blame Beatrice in words, but a slight elevation of four

"Where has she gone?" asked Herbert, who liked to know that his servants were spending their time properly.

"To Louden, I suppose," said Beatrice,

"To London, I suppose," said Beatrice, carelessly.

Now the way in which Mrs. Miller spent her holiday was as follows:
She rose at an early hour and walked from Hazlewood House to the cross roads. Here she waited until the lumbering, old-fashioned bus came in sight. She took a seat in it, and was in due time deposited at the Blacktown station. At Blacktown she took the train to Weymouth, which fashionable watering place she reached about 11 o'clock.

It was, however, clear that she had not come here to enjoy a day at the seasids. Instead of going at once to the gay esplanads, she sought the shades of the general waiting room—here she remained an hour.

She then embarked in another train; one that ran on a single line of railway—ran mearly the whole of its way with the sea on one side and a mighty hill of smooth, rounded pebbles, known as the Chesil Beach, on the other, whilst in front of it loomed tall, serrated, precipicous cliffs, at the foot of which was its destination.

Mrs. Miller paid no attention to the natural scenery of the place. She stepped from the train and walked out of the little station in a methodical, business-like way. It was evident that the woman had not come so tar on a mere pleasure jaunt.

It was a burning day. The sun shot down

was evident that the woman had not come so tar on a mere pleasure jaunt.

It was a burning day. The sun shot down its rays flercely on the treeless, shadeless, barren island, or so-called island. Mrs. Miller's black garments seemed scarcely suitable to such weather—her frame certainly not strong enough to tell up those cliffs of colitic limestone which frowned down upon her. No wonder she turned to the cabstand. The two or three cabs which it bonsted were rickety old machines, but the horses which were between the shafts were strong ones. Horses need be strong to earn a l ving in this land.

land. She drove a bargain after the manner o her kind, then took her seat in one of the dusty vehicles. She was driven through the little gray town, which lies at the foot of and little gray town, which lies at the foot of and stretches a long way up the hill. The horse toiled up the steep street, on and on until the occupant of the cab looked down on the tops of the houses which she had just passed. Then a turn, and a bit of level ground, another turn and a steep hill; so on and on in a signag course until the table land which lies at the top of Portland island was somehow reached, an event which must have been grateful alike to the horse and the occupant of the cab, supposing the latter only possessed of nerves of ordinary strength and therefore apt to robel against being drawn up hills as steep as the side of a house.

therefore apt to rebel against being drawn up hills as steep as the side of a house.

Some time before the cab reached the top of the cliffs it had at intervals passed gangs of men working by the readside. At a distance these men locked little different from ordinary navvies, but a closer inspection showed that the garments of most of them consisted of a dark yellow jersey covered by a sleeveless jacket of light fustian or some such material. This jacket, moreover, was stamped in various places with the government broad arrow. Every man wore gaiters and a curiously-shaped cap, under which no and a curiously-shaped cap, under which no hair was visible. Occasionally one might be seen who moved with a certain stiffness in his seen who moved with a certain stiffness in his gait, as if something which he would willingly have dispensed with restrained the natural elasticity of his lower limbs. Here and there the monotony of the attire was broken by the appearance of some who were dressed in blue instead of yellow; but taken altogether the dress, if comfortable and enduring, was scarcely one which a man being a free agent would choose for himself.

The gangs which Mrs. Miller passed on the roadside were for the most part engaged in

The gangs which Mrs. Miller passed on the roadside were for the most part engaged in handing lumps of turf from man to man. They performed these duties in a listless, perfunctory manner, although, standing on the hillisdeaboveevery band of workers, were two men in long dark coats with the shining buttons of authority, and each of these men held a rifle with fixed bayonet.

Farther away in the quarries could be seen many other such gangs, digging, delving, hauling, wheeling barrows, and performing other operations needful for extracting the famed Portland stone from the ground.

After passing various sentries, and driving for some distance along the level ground, Mrs. Miller's cab reached a beautiful, tall, buttressed wall; skirting this it turned at right angles, and very soon drew up before an imposing entrance built of gray stone, and bearing over the archway the royal arms of England. This was the entrance to her majesty's prison of Portland.

governor's garden, still brilliant with flowers and looking like a glorious casis in the midst of a barren land. A man who in the discharge of his duties has to live on the top of Portland island wants a garden or something of that sort. Without it the monotony of the place would drive him mad.

But Mrs. Miller did not even look at the gay beds. She dismounted, and after telling the cabman to wait for her, walked boldly

through the prison gate,
She was immediately accorted by a portly, she was immeniately accorded by a portly, good-tempered-looking janitor, whose gold-laced cap spoke of superior standing. He ushered her into a little waiting-room just inside the gate, and asked her to state her business. Mrs. Miller's business was to see one of the convicts, by name Maurice Harvey.

Now, convicts are only allowed to see their ricends once in six months; so the janitor shook his head dubiously. Still, as Mrs. Miller was a most respectable-looking woman, he said he would mention the matter to the governor. He begged the lady to take a chair

and then left her.
She sat for some time in the bare little waiting room, the walls of which were decowaiting room, the walls of which were deco-cated with notices requesting visitors to the prison not to offer the warders any money, but to deposit such donations as they wished to make in loxes that were hung against the wall-for the benefit of discharged prisoners and the officers' schools respectively. After a while the good-natured janitor returned. He told Mrs. Miller that the convict had not seen a friend for many months, so upon his return from work he would be asked if he would like to see her. She number years her pages

to see her. She must give her name. She wrote it down, then waited patiently. She wrote it down, then waited patiently. By and by there was a measured tramp of many heavy feet, and she knew the convict were returning to dinner. After the tramp had died away a warder made his appearance and told her to follow him.

It was but a step. He opened a door in the rear of the waiting room, and Mrs. Miller found herself in a place which could suggest nothing else than a den at a projected gar.

nothing else than a den at a zoologica den, one side of the room being formed of iron bars about six inches apart, and oppo-site was a similar den with its front turned towards it and entered by another door, and between the two was a space, a narrow entered by another door and contains

Presently the door of the middle den opener and a warder entered and seated himself upon the stool; then the furthest door opened, and one of the blue-habited convicts walked up to the bars and gave his visitor a nod of care-

to the bars and gave his visitor a nod of care-less recognition.

As a rule, when a female friend is per-mitted to see a convict there is weeping and wailing. Hands are stretched out through the bars across the open space, and if the two persons are of ordinary stature, finger-tips may just meet. This is better than nothing. Time was when no open space-divided the friends; they could kiss and al-most embrace through one set of bars. But it was found that the visitor's kiss often transferred a half-sovereign from her mouth it was found that the visitor's kiss ofter transferred a half-sovereign from her mouth to the convict's. A kindly action, no doubt, but one which when discovered led the man into trouble, knocked off good-conduct marks, and lengthened his time of imprisonment. So now there is a space of something like five feet between the visitor and the visited.

With these two there was no weeping, no stretching out of hands. In fact, as Mrs. Miller looked at the caged creature in front of her an expression very nearly akin to hatred settled on her strongly-marked features. Yet, in spite of his close-clipped crown, shaven cheeks and ugty attire the convict was by no means ill-looking. His features were straight, and might even have been called refined. He was above the mid-

die height, broad shouldered and healthy looking. His teeth were good, and his hands, although rough and hardened with toil, were not the hands of one who has labored from his childhood. His eyes had a cruel, crafty look in them; but this look might have been acquired since his incarceration. Indeed, Mrs. Miller had noticed the same expression in the eyes of every convict whom she had met on the roud to the prison. met on the road to the prison.

Mrs. Miller looked through her bars at the convict; the convict looked through his base

at Mrs. Miller; the wa

on his stool sublimely indifferent, and ro-while there was silence. The convict was first to break it. "Oh, it's you, is it?" he said.
"Yos, it's me," said Mrs. Miller.
"Well, what do you want! To see ho

am getting on!"

He speke quite jauntily. His visitor gaz He spoke quite jauntily. His visitor gaze, at him scornfully.

"Oh, I'm is spleudid health," he continued.

"Physically, I'm twice the man I was when I came here. Regular hours, regular meals, regular work. C nstitution quite set up. No chance of my dying before my term's up."

"No, I'm afraid there isn't," said Mrs. Miller with such bitterness that the impassive warder glanced at her, and wondered what manner of prisoner's friend thus was.

warder gianced at her, and wondered what manner of prisoner's friend this was. The prisoner's face changed. He scowled at her as darkly as she had scowled at him, "When will your time be up?" she asked sharply. "Can you tell me?" she added.

"Whon will your time be up?" she asked sharply. "Can you tell me?" she added, turning to the warder. "Can't say exactly," answered the warder. "He's in blue, so he's in his last year." Mrs. Miller shuddered. Her hands elenched

"He's in blue, so he's in his last year."

Mrs. Miller shuddered. Her hands clenched themselves involuntarily.

"I want to know," she said, addressing the convict, "what arrangements you will be willing to make when you come out. That is the object of no / visit."

The man looked at her mockingly. "I have thought of nothing as yet," he said, "except the joy I shall feel at once more returning to the arms of my devoted wife."

The woman's dark eyes blazed. She leaned her face against the bars and glared at the shaven face before her. "How much money do you want!" she whispered.

The convict shrugged his uninteresting-looking shoulders. "Money is an after consideration; I am plaing for consubial felicity."

She turned and paced the narrow space. The warder grew quite interested in the interview. As a rule his duties were very monotonous. He recognized the fact that the present conversation was out of the ordinary run. The worn a secured to have forecatten his ous. He recognized the fact that the present conversation was out of the ordinary run. The wom n seemed to have forgotten his presence. She stamped her foot and turned flercely to the convict.

"Look here," she said, "will you go to America, Australia, anywhere? Money will

be found." be found."

"Certainly not," said the polite convict.

"Besides, sir," he added, turning to the
warder with an assumed air of deference, "I
believe it is a sine qua non, I mean it is indispensable, that for some time I must report

pensade, that for some time I must report myself to the police once a month!" The warder nodded.
"God help us!" murmured the woman. Then turning to the convict, she said:
"You'll let me know when you are re-

leased?" "Oh, yes. I'll let you know fast enough. "Oh, yes. I'll let you know fast enough. You'll be one of the first I shall come and see. Now, if you've nothing more to say, I'll ask to be taken back to my dinner. Good and plentiful as the fare is, I like it warm better than cold."

The stolid warder could not help smiling.

The time usually allotted for an interview with a prisoner had by no means expired. It as a new experience to find a convict of his ru free will curtailing his privilege. He arned inquiringly to Mrs. Miller.

asked.
"No," she answered sullenly. The convict

made her a polite bow as she turned and walked to the door of her own don. She stood outside on the gravel for a moment, and gazed moodily after No. 1,080 as he was con ducted by his guardian across the open space and vanished from sight round the chapel or the way to his own cell. Then she entered the waiting room, where she found the civil official who had at first accosted her.

From him she ascertained the proper office at which the inquiry she wanted answered should be made; and upon applying there learnt that No. 1,080, supposing he continued to conduct himself as he had hitherto done.

to conduct himself as he had numerto done, that is, earning the maximum of eight good marks a day, would obtain his ticket-of-leave in about six menths' time.

"Then what becomes of him?" she asked.
"Do you just put him outside the gate, and tell him to be off?"

The officer smiled. "Oh dear, no. He is the condition of the cond The officer smiled. "Oh dear, no. He is asked if he has any friends to go to, or where he wants to go to. His fare is paid to that place. He is given a suit of clothes and a little money. After that he must do the best he can it.

he can. Mrs. Miller looked thoughtful. "Is the anyone I could write to and ask to be tole the day he will come out" she asked. "Certainly. If you are a relation or frie

"Cortainly. If you are a relation of irient, and willing to look after him, and wrote to the governor to that effect, no doubt you would hear from him."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Miller. Then she gathered up her black skirts and left the prison. She found her cab and was driven that the relation. It was some gathered up her black skirts and left the prison. She found her cab and was driven back to the railway station. It was soms time before the train left for Weymouth; so she climbed to the top of the Chesil Beach and sat down gazing out over the sea. Her lips moved, sithough the rest of her body was motiouless. She was praying, and the petition she offered up was that Heaven in its mercy would remove from earth a certain convict before the day came upon which he would be entitled to demand his freedom. A curious prayer for a religious woman to make, but after all not stranger than the prayers offered up by antagonistic armies. prayers offered up by antagonistic armies.

The train started at last and took her to The train started at last and took her to Weymouth. Here she obtained refreshment of which, indeed, she stood much in need. Somehow she made a mistake in the time, and missed the afternoon train. The consequence was that it was past eleven o'clock when she rang the bell of that methodically-conducted establishment, Hazlewood House And the rule of Hazlewood House was that no servant should on any protone be out, of

And the rule of Hazlewood House was that no servant should on any pretence be out of doors after half-past nine; or, unless the presence of company demanded it, out of Led after half-past ten.

Her masters were in waiting, and at once took her to task. She explained that she had missed the train.

"What train!" asked Horaca.

"The train from Wayneauth at."

"The train from Weymouth, sir."
"But Miss Clauson told us you were got "Miss Clauson made a mistake, sir." Horace felt nettled at the idea of any one

who held even a vicarious authority from himself making a mistake. So he said, with "This must not occur again ome asperity, Mrs. Miller." "And," added Herbert, "the next time you want a holiday kindly mention the fact to us as well as to Miss Clauson. We have a rule

Mrs. Miller curtaied, and left the room. "She is a curious looking woman," said Horace. "I wonder if we were right in taking MIND AND BODY.

THE PHYSICAL MAN AFFECTED BY MENTAL CONDITIONS.

Fielent Emotions and Passions-Medica Students Attending Lectures - "Charming" Away Chills-Wart Charms-Success of an Animal Magnetist.

[Dr. J. Kitchen, in Hahnemannian Monthly.]
When worried and vexet the common saying of the people is that they are out of sorts, and John Hunter said there is not a natural action in the body, voluntary or involuntary, that may not be influenced by the peculiar state of the mind at the time. It is wall known that he, in an excited controversy with one of his hospital colleagues, fell dead in one of the wards.

Jaundice has been brought on by care and anxiety. Cases have been recorded of students suffering by this affliction, arising from anxiety and fear before an examination before the censors board of the Royal College of Physicians. If care will kill a cat, though it have nine lives, and if too much care will make a young man gray and turn an old man to clay, it may be certain the violent emotions and pawions will affect the system more lastingly and disastrously. John Hunter noted that the hen in the raising of her offspring kept her body lean and meagre, but if her chickens were taken from her she soon got fat. Substitute in these cases the worry and anxieties of business and every-day-life troubles, and the picture is unmistakabla. Fear and care are also noticeable in their actions on the skin a... hair. Medical histories can show many a Prisoner of Chillon, so wall de-oribed by Byron, which is no fanciful cass. In times of peril and threats of invasion, numerous cases of a sudden change of the color of the hair have been recorded. Dr. Laycock mentions a case of severe neuralgia occuring at night from fright, and found in the morning that the inner portion of the eyebrow and eyelashes had become white; he also suscers that the natural grayness of old age is connected with certain changes in the nerve centers.

An English physician any that lectures

age is connected with certain changes in the nerve centers.

An English physician says that lectures delivered to medical students frequently produce unusual mental stimuli upon their bodily feelings, and in some cases specific diseases have not only been simulated, but actually induced diseased symptoms. A follow-student, atter hearing a description of what is usually called the Scotch fiddle (ltch), was so influenced that a persistent itching was felt between his fingers, the result of the morbid mental influences to which he had been subjected. Students often fancy they have the very diseases which they hear described by their teachers, and the heart generally comes in for its full share, and it is almost imposible to persuade them otherwise. If it is found that the influence of the mind and its imaginings may induce diseases, it is no less certain that a like action may in some cases, cure disease. Fright tion may in some cases, cure disease. Fright especially has made its cures in gouty and rhoumatic invalids. We all know the effect of going to have a tooth extracted, the pain ceasing on entering the operating-room. The faith cure may come in here in chronic cases, the mind exercising its will power Luther taught that if a man had faith, he

could accomplish anything, even commit any kind of sin without guilt. The charming away of chills and fever-and of warts seems to come under this category. I have come across several cases of this kind. Old women often possess this faculty. Even in the time of Lucian, such female practitioners were successful in such cases. A surgeon's daughter had about a dozen on her hands, the usual modes of dozen on her hands, the usual modes of treatment having availed nothing for their removal. For eighteen months they remained intractable until a gentleman noticing the disfigurement, asked to count them. Carefully and solemnly noting down their number, he then said: "You will not be troubled with your warts after next Sunday." At the time named they had disappeared. Now, here the connection between the imagination of some occult or mysterious power and the cure, was too close to leave a doubt

ination of some occult or mysterious power and the cure, was too close to leave a doubt that, as in other cases of bodily aliment, the mind, which so frequently affects the body to its hurt, had in turn favorably influenced the physical organization.

No less a personage than Lord Bacon him self had a similar cure performed upon his hands by the English amba-sador's lady at Paris, who, he adds, was a woman far from superstitious. The lady's procedure certainly betokened a belief in some influences, for Bacon tells us that, taking "a piece of

for Bacon tells us that, taking "a piece of all over with the fat side, among the growths so treated was one he had had since childhood. Then she nailed the piece of lard with the fat side toward the sun upon a post of her cham-ber window, which looked toward the south. In the course of five weeks all the warts disappeared, and that great wart which he had so long endured for company. The miscellaneous substances used in wart charms and incantations of like nature, at once reveal the fact of the real cure lying in some direction other than that of the nostrum, beneath the material substance unconsciously used as a mere bait for the imagination, the forces of mind operate through the medium of the prevous impresbrough the medium of the nervous

sion.

Some ten or twelve years ago there appeared in Philadelphia a Dr. Newton, a celebrated animal magnetist; he made the blind to see and the deaf to hear; the rheublind to see and the dear to hear; the resu-matic and the gouty came on crutches and walked away without them. I went with a young man whose hands were full of warts, unrelieved by medicine; Newton blew on them and made several passes with his hands and told him that in three weeks there would not be a solitary one left; this proved so for within that time they had all disappeared. In the above eye, ear, and rheumatic cases there were frequent, and many say almost constant relapses; but the relief afforded by Newton's magnetic influence over many of his patients was certainly very wonderful.

Food of the Arab Steed.

[Chicago Times.] An linglish officer who has seen service in Egypt states that the food of the Arabian horse consist of six pounds of barley, which is given at sunset. This custom seems to agree with the animal, and it enables his owner to carry in a bag food enough—sixty pounds—for a ten days journey across the desert. The stomach of the horse is small, and for this reason it is the custom in agri-cultural countries to give him three meals a day. But in Arabia they make a virtue of necessity. Fast is broken but once in twentyour hours.

A Hint in Chimneys. [The Architect.]

In the construction of chimney stacks, there should be at the top of every flue an expanded space, within which most down iraughts of air will rotate and expend the lorce without invading the flue below.

A druggist ways that hair oil has gone out of use almost entirely. Where he sold 100 pottles last year, he sells only one now. EQUESTRIANISM IN THE PARK New Yorkers Out Horseback Riding Growing Popularity of the Exercise.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]
Equestrianism has grown popular within a few years, and the number of people who ride now regularly in the park is very large. A large majority of the riders are out-for-a-holiday young men, who ride with round shoulders and bowed heads and arth research. with round shoulders and bowed heads and grin perpetually as they go through the park There are also many thin face I men, who are evidently riding for their health. They move along slowly, and seem to find great enjoyment in watching the occupants of the carriages as they whirl by. Then there are the stout old gentiemen, who puff as audibly as the horses, and the very proper and picture-que young man of fashion. The latter is usually a member of some hunt club, and his costume

to usually the result of years of study and care. He invariably rides well, and his horse is a beauty. Not infrequently groups of twenty or thirty horsemen in the uniform of one of the higher class riding schools or the fatigue dress of the hussars move along through the crowd.

But by far the most interesting of them all was low Darks hats and himself the study of t

But by far the most interesting of them all wear low Derby hats and blue or black riding habit. Their skirts are made extremely short nowadays, the tailor-made costumes fit close to the figure, and a typical and well-built New York girl on a thoroughbred horse is more admiringly stared at than any one class who enters the park. Nearly all the girls ride hard said fast. They seldom vanture into the drive hat they are venture into the drive, but they are to be seen deshing along the bridle-path at a hard gallop.

The wide popularity of the exercise is of

The wide popularity of the exercise is of very recent growth. It is only a few years ago that the people who rode formed a very small proportion of those who entered the pork. Now nearly everybody ride. In the morning it is the custom for business men to take a joit through the park before breakfast, and there is a brigade of them out about 7 o'clock looking for appetites. Many amateur athlotes, who years ago made it a point to get up in the morning and take a spin in a shell on the Harlem river before breakfast, have compromised on a canter through the park. through the park.

The number of women who handle the

reins has also greatly increased. While it is easy enough for a woman, or a child for that matter, to drive a tractable horse in that matter, to drive a tractable horse in the country or a small city, it is extremely dangerous in New York. The driving is fast and crowded in the park or up the road * at 5 o'clock, and a woman who can take a horse around the route and return in good order must be a capital whip. Coachmen have a proverbial dislike for women drivers and they impede them and annoy them as much as possible when the opportunity occurs.

Nevertheless, there are a dozen or more women in New York who drive every day and who handle their horses with consummate skill. They are all the wives of mil-lionaires and nearly all of them drive carts or gigs. The buggy is quite taboosi. They sit erect, square shouldered and alert, with their heads well up in the air and their elbows at their sidea. Occasionally another woman is with them, but never a man. A small English tiger in irreproachable English livery sits with his arms folded like a wax figure behind.

The Story of Patchouly.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]
Patchouly, an herb that grows in India and China, affords an escence which is at present very fashionable. There is a little history attached to this odor. Not long since it was the custom of shawl purchasers to distinguish real India shawls from the very clever French imitations by the delicate odor they omitted. This odor the French could not imitate. They, however, set their wits to work to find out the secret, and succeeded in importing the pachouly [Brooklyn Eagle.] and succeeded in importing the pachouly plant, for the purpose of giving the charac-teristic perfume, which enabled them once more to palm off the fictitious for the real shawl. This fact speedily leaked out, and no dealer now trusts to his nose to settle the no dealer now trusts to his nose to settle the question between a real Indian shawl and its French imitation. The plant once in Eu-rope, however, it speedily became a favor-ita. It is used by the Indian shawl mer-chant to preserve his goods from the attacks of insects. It is therefore applicable to the preservation of all kinds of linen and woolen

Lincoln's First United States Court Case. [Story by Carl Schurz.] Of his first case in the United States cour

Of his first case in the United States court the following story is told: He had secured a client, whose case was found to be bad, and when he got up to address the court, Mr. Lincoln spoke as follows: "This is the first case I have had in this court, and there fore I have examined it with great care. The only question at issue is one of authority. I have found innumerable precedents sustaining the opposite side, but have not found one in my favor. With these remarks I submit the case." [Laughter.] That a lawyer should have found himself on the wrong side is not strange, but that he should say so was strange indeed. He was perhaps the only lawyer of whom this epitaph could have been truthfully written: "Here lies Abraham Lincoln. He told the truth when it ruined his case."

At a Physicians' Meeting. [Chicago Herald.]
At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia
College of Physicians there was exhibited a
collection of dried snake poisons. They were
contained in a scare or more of small glass
bottles, and were the venoms secured from rattlesnakes, moccasins, copperheads, co-bras, daborias, and other varieties, and are to-day as virulent poisons as when first drawn from the fangs of the living reptiles. Colored drawings were also shown repre-senting the action of these deadly fluids on the systems of pigeon. An exhibition was also given of the sphymograph, or pulse-writer, the arm of a colored waiter being utilized. The delicate instrument faithfull recorded the pulsations of the subject on a moke-blackened sheet of mica.

In Keeping with the Mountains.

In a Washington street window are five pairs of shoes which look as if they had been made for as many gianta. They are thirteen inches long by five inches wide, and are manufactured of stout pebble-grain leather. The order for them came from Nashvills, Tenn., and they are said to be intended for a mother and four daughters. They would be in keeping with the Tennessee mountains, and a large romance could be constructed round them by a genius like Charles Egbert Craddock.

The Right to Kick. [Helen Wilmans in Woman's World.]

Kick! Certainly. Always kick at wrong or impositions of whatever kind, and with-out regard to whether yourself individually or the public generally is the recipient of the insult. Why not? Is not a man's right always his right? Kick, but kick like The Colored Cadet.

gets along very well with

Facts Concerning Japan [Boston Transcript.]
The lecturer, Shigehide Arakawa, who The lecturer, Shigehide Arakawa, who was attired in his national extume, is a fine looking, intelligent young man, speaking English perfectly, although with a strong accent. He first described the climate of Japan, stating that it was varied, being warm in certain parts, whilst others were sovered with snow six months in the year. Japan, he said, was composed of four large islands, and several smaller ones, covering an area of 150,000 square miles. On the largest island was a chain of mountains, some of them 12,000 feet high. The early history of the Japanese people was shrouded in mystery, but it was generally supposed that they came originally from central Asia, and, comingling with the Malanese to to the south of them, founded the Japanese race.

Wines, he said, were drunk in Japan, and a native fermented liquor, but whisky never. The laws concerning drunkenness were very stringent. The cultivation of tea from Chine was introduced in the thirteenth sentury, and since that time to has been sold in high esteem by the Japanese on ac-count of its beneficial effects, both mental

count of its beneficial effects, both mental and physical.

Japanese women after marriage, the lecturer said, dressed their hair in a peculiar style, blackened their teeth, and only wore dark clothing. As to the rules of stiquette, the Japanese, when receiving visitors, did not consider it polite to trouble them with an account of their own private affairs.

The Chloroform Habit.

[Philadelphia Record.]

A new vice appears to be in course of derelopment, according to certain physicians,
who write that the "chloroform habit" is, to
their knowledge, becoming prevalent to an

Chronic Catarrh.

C. W. Mellier, of 406 South Fourth C. W. Mellier, of 406 South Fourth street, St. Louis, is twenty years of age, in I has been a sufferer from chronic estarria, which had become quite offensive. When he came to Dr. Hartman, two months ago, he was told it would take six months to cure him. But we has propressed beyond all expertations, and recarly all signs of the disease have discovered. appeared. Be ore being treated he could not breathe out of the nose, and now he has perfect control of the nasal organ. Peruna did the business.

Peruna did the business.

James Dunn, of 1310 Gay street, St.
Louis, has suffered from catarrh since
1870. The gentleman told the reporter
the following straightforward story of
his case. "I took the disease in Memphis. It commenced in my head and
extended to my throat, and a bad cough
followed. I went to a number of physicians, and they told me my trouble was
liver disease, and one said it was palpitation of the heart that caused the cough.
For the last year I have been practically
worthless. I could not ascend a flight of
stairs without suffering from shortness of
breath and fast beating of the heart, and
my appetite was very defective. After
eating I often coughed so hard that I
would throw up everything in my stomach. I could not walk any distance without panting. Five weeks ago I went
under the care of Dr. Hartman, and now
my cough has disappeared and I feel like
a new man." Peruna was his treatment.

Next came George Sauerbaum, residing Next came George Sauerbaum, residing at 1929 Carr street, St. Louis, who is an old patient of Dr. Hartman. He stated that he had suffered most intensely from chronic catarrh of the head and lungs, but is now almost cured, his lungs being entirely well and his head greatly improved. The gratitude of this gentleman was almost boundless, and he expressed it to the reporter in the strongest terms, saying "PERUNA will cure any disease."

I. P. Dukchart, of Cumberland, Md.

I. P. Dukehart, of Cumberland, Md., superintendent B. & O. R. R. Co's Hotels (conductor on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad for twenty-eight years, and previous ly a druggist), writes: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN & Co., Columbus, O. I have used but one bottle of Percus A between myself and son. He had diptheretic sore throat, and is now well. As for myself, it has entirely relieved the duliness in my head, which has been of long standing—the result of chronic malaria. I never took anything in my life that gave me such great satisfaction. My wife is now takng it also."

extent scarcely known outside of the protes-sion and the life insurance companies. In a recent issue of The Medical Record Dr. A. G. Browning mentions several cases, one only of which, through early medical interference, was known to have been cured. The mental condition of a confirmed chloro-formist is stated to be abjectly miserable, formist is stated to be abjectly misorable, and the physical state loathsome. The man maudin drunk on the meanest whisky is a prince in comparison. Every physical function goes down in the wreck, and but a shadow is left for sepulture. In nearly every instance known to Dr. Browning the shloroform habit has developed in individuals who come of a line of drinkers more or less remote, and has seemed to replace the appetite for drink.

The Peasant Who Was Short on Wheat.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A Peasant who was Short on Wheat for May Delivery, and found Ruin Staring him in the Face, betook himself to the Cave of a Philosopher and said:

"Oh, Wise Man, I am balf a million Bush-

"Oh, Wise Man, I am half a million Bushsla of Wheat short on May Delivery. I came
to ask help of the gods through you."
"Know ye, my Friend," replied the old
man as he Scratched his Chilblains in the
softe t manner, "that the god's Render Aid
puly when the Lawyers have given up the
Casa."

Case."

The next morning the Peasant was in Canada, Moral: And his Lawyer Settled all Claims for 40 cents on the Dollar.

Africa and Her Ivory.

[New York Times.]
Professor Heavy Drummond believes that
the ivery of central Africa will last about
ten or fifteen years longer, and he does not
bewail the shortness of the period the supply will hold out, because he says that the
native African will not devote him elf to
devote in the property of the period to the plant of the period the says that the
native African will not devote him elf to developing the natural resources of the country so long as be can find tusks. The sooner the ivory is all gone, therefore, the

The Child of the Period.

(London Punch.)

Grandmamma—Hark, Dorothy! Do you sear the puff-puff! Dorothy—The locomotive. I suppose you mean grandmamma!

Meditations of a Rueful Benedict-Wed ded to an English Widow.

[Philadelphia Times.]

I love her deeply and devotedly. Or is it levotedly and deeply?

What matter?

We are all in all to one another. We live

but for our love. The occupation by which I gain my bread becomes daily more dissteful to me. I madly plunge at my hat and coat the moment the hour of release

I can hardly be passingly civil to my em-ployer. Happily, though, as yet I have not

struck him.

It is the same with my Matilda, so she tells me. She counts the long, leaden, weary hours that we perforce must spend apart.

She says her work, too, is hateful to her. She says, though, that it is not only for herself she has to work, but for her mother an self she has to work, but for her mother, an invalid, for whom the doctor has prescribed a warmer climate.

kicks. I feel much hurt,
I am without employment. The world is
before me and the new-spapers are full of a ivertisements, but there does not seem to be any special demand for my services. present my only means of support are what Matilda can lend me, after providing for her mother. It seems what was enough for one has now to do for three.

I can't see anything in the papers that will at all suit me. What I want, it appears to me, is more change of air than anything slass. I mention this to Matilda an i she

weeps. I must say Matilia has not got the sheefulet of tempers.

At the nick of time I fell across some lorg lost relatives. They have saved me. I am to have a long rest at their expense. I am to have change of air—a warmer climate. It am now at Nice basking in the sunshins. It is a delightful place, such enjoyment and such complete and blissful idleness. I have met a rich English widow—a most charming

woman. After all, it will be very absurd of Matilda if she takes it to heart. Matilda's salary is not large enough. And as for me, I really, positively cannot work. I feel I cannot, and all efforts are usele a. Wedded to the widow, why need I?

I'm am idiot? How could I have allowed myself to be taken in by what she said? I sught to have made sure. Why, the wretched old imposter lives but on the charity of her daughter, just as Matilda's mo-

ity of her daughter, just as Matikla's mo-

Merciful goodnes! What was Matilda's mother's name! Not Matilda's I know, for the took a second husband. Is it possible I have—Yes! I have married Matilda's

My Matilda is a postmistress, but her mother's board and lodging in the warmer climate are dreadful drags upon the poor girl. "Courage: courage!" I cry; "what is snough for one is enough for two." Stay—will it be enough for three also! I had not thought of this before.

My employer and I have exchange! words. Nay, blows also have passe! between us and kicka. I fe: much hurt. Henry O. Flipper, the colored cadet who made so much trouble at West Point, now holds a commission in the Mexican army, and gets along very well with the